20c • OCTOBER 19, 1953

THE MAU MAU TERROR

New Republic

"THE SPIRIT OF FREE INQUIRY *is the kernel of what we are defending and it is also the strongest weapon in our arsenal. What is more, it is the principal binding force in our coalition. The tradition of 1776 is still the most powerful and attracting force in the world today; it is this that draws to our leadership people the world over. Without this idea we are to them just another powerful nation bent upon interests which are not theirs. If we are narrow, dogmatic, self-centered, afraid, domineering, and crabbed, we shall break apart the alliance on which our future depends.*"

—DEAN ACHESON, *October 1, 1953*

• ANNOUNCED IN THIS ISSUE: NR'S NEW POLITICAL BOOK CLUB

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

We think it is infinitely charming that Lothair (Perfect Circle Piston Ring) Teetor, the new Assistant Secretary of Commerce replacing Fountain Pen Sheaffer, is living on his yacht on the Potomac (just in from Florida) and walking to work. What the Eisenhower tycoon club needed was obviously a yacht, and the homely democracy of Teetor in using his own legs these brisk mornings is just the thing workers like and understand. We hope Teetor won't totter and, paraphrasing an old miners' wage phrase, we trust his pay is from portal to porthole.

We were charmed, too, by publication in the *Baltimore Sun* of a release from Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration that McCarthy's gumshoers Cohn & Schine drew the equivalent of $2,540 from foreign-currency counterpart funds through the Stassen outfit for their celebrated 17-day tour of Europe. This works out at $74.70 each per day, exclusive of transportation, which they had free from the Military Air Transport Service. Stassen's own employees, who, of course, are disgusting bureaucrats, are allowed only $6 to $12 a day. The Cohn & Schine boys are indignant that their expenditures on what, surely, was one of the most celebrated tours in history, were made public. Cohn at one point described the purpose of the junket as investigation of "waste and mismanagement."

Another cheerful little item came from the Scripps-Howard press disclosing that Sen. John Bricker (R, Ohio) regularly receives a cut from his old Columbus, Ohio, law firm, which handles, among other accounts, that of the Pennsylvania railroad. Bricker is chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee and last year helped shelve the St. Lawrence Seaway bill, abhorred by railroads. The handsome, silver-maned Senator says he sees nothing at all improper in the arrangement. "Everyone knows I'm honest," he observed.

It can now be reliably stated that the Administration is making an economic U-turn. It is reversing direction on its whole fiscal policy because of the threat of recession. Signs of this White House change have already begun to appear but they're nothing to what lies ahead if economic indices keep falling. The budget simply isn't going to be balanced —this year or next—which will be awkward in the 1954 election but not half so awkward as four million unemployed would be. This all goes back to the naïveté of the Great Crusade.

Ike repeatedly and recklessly promised to balance the budget right away if elected, and pointed his whole attack against alleged "inflation"—though actually prices had been pretty well stabilized for the last two Truman years. Once installed, the Administration rushed all-out anti-inflation measures: the "hard-money" policy, tightened credits, cuts in public housing and conservation, slashed payrolls. As long ago as last January conservative organs, including *Business Week*, warned that the danger was deflation not inflation and that the hasty Administration was aggravating an impending slump.

Finally the Treasury has caught the alarm. A confusing paradox of the situation is that the cost-of-living index may continue to climb for a while even though deflationary factors worsen; it's quite possible for the nation to price itself into a slump. The public does not yet understand that Administration signals have changed, but they have. The "hard-money" is dropped like a hot brick; the Administration is publicly affirming there will be anti-deflationary tax cuts at all cost while the image of the balanced budget, like the Cheshire cat, slowly fades. You can only see its grin now.

Fabulous Texas oil multi-millionaire H. L. Hunt is apparently building up McCarthy with a new TV and radio medium, "Facts Forum." Simultaneously McCarthy has got two men on the seven man Federal Communications Commission through recent Eisenhower appointments: John C. Doerfer of Wisconsin and now Robert E. Lee, former FBI man, whose wife was matron of honor at Joe's wedding and who himself was in the center of the successful 1950 Maryland McCarthy smear campaign that unseated Tydings. McCarthy shows increasing interest in the FCC. He summoned Lee's predecessor, Commissioner Paul A. Walker, to an almost unprecedented secret conference, demanding that the FCC take no action to jeopardize Hearst's chances of grabbing Milwaukee Channel 10, previously allocated for educational use. This channel is still tied up in a court fight.

The situation is a study in interrelated pressures. Let's start at the beginning. Tax loopholes like the "depletion allowance" encourage rapid discovery and exploitation of America's irreplaceable petroleum stores. Defense and conservation men say it would be better to burn more imported oil and save our own stocks, but the tax law says "No." Exploitation of new fields has recently produced a group of fantastically wealthy oil primitives—men like Hunt, Murchison, Cullen—whose wealth and prejudices make the product of the old rail-steel depredation era—Jay Gould, Charlie Schwab, Vanderbilt, Carnegie—seem like bourgeois sophisticates. Hunt's name isn't even in *Who's Who*, though he may be our wealthiest citizen.

The new oil moguls are awaking politically. Hunt backed MacArthur and McCarthy; H. R. Cullen of Houston in 1952 financially supported the whole crew of right-wing GOP Senate isolationists from McCarthy to Kem, Cain and Jenner. In Congress this helps protect the depletion allowance loophole which enables the oil moguls to retain most of their income, and to pass the Kerr bill on natural gas (killed by Truman veto). Oil money also helps its Senators get a radio and TV forum; Senators in turn move in to capture the FCC. The FCC is in a position to hand out incalculable favors to members of the one-party press, like Hearst. The press in turn can do favors for everybody. Hearst backs McCarthy; others can create a happy atmosphere in which free enterprise (*i.e.* oil primitives) can operate, or be silent about rape of natural resources and little difficulties which will occur to the GOP in Washington.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Silence

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has pulled his "team" sharply into line; statements concerning Russia's atomic strength and the condition of our defenses hereafter are to be cleared with the White House. Silencing members of Congress, however, is another matter. Rep. Sterling Cole (R, N.Y.), Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, chose the annual Conference of State Commanders of the American Legion to speak out more strongly than ever.

He said, flatly, that "the Soviet hydrogen test occurred sooner, a good deal sooner, than most officials in Washington had anticipated. . . . We shall only delude ourselves if we conclude that the Soviet achievements have been due exclusively, or even primarily, to the revelations of traitors . . . if our own efforts falter, the Soviets have it in their capacity to outstrip us—decisively—within a relatively short time."

Representative Cole draws these conclusions: (1) the American people must be told more about the "destructive effects of the possible types of atomic and hydrogen weapons the Soviets might launch against our cities" if they are to undertake appropriate civil-defense measures; (2) we must launch a "hydrogen effort comparable in scale, dollars, resources, daring and speed to our entire atomic effort of World War II; and (3) an intensified continental defense and hydrogen effort is but a portion of the price for national survival, every concerted effort of vision, determination and patience must be exerted to make the United Nations a more vital and effective instrument of collective security."

Dixie

"OH, TO HEAR Margaret sing again," said a farmer at a Southern cattle auction as prices fell lower and lower. And at Columbus, Miss., the touring House Agriculture Committee was presented with a set of "Eisenhower pants," tiny trousers symbolizing shrinking farm incomes.

But the joking was grim. Twelve hundred miles of traveling from Virginia to Mississippi to Florida convinced Republican members of the Committee that Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson must change his policies or quit his job. Criticism from Southern farmers was intense and bitter. And Republicans fear the criticism may be turned from Benson to Eisenhower, then spread to the Midwest farm areas. The Southern farm vote split the Solid South for Eisenhower in 1952. And to Republicans, the prospect of losing a high percentage of either the Southern or Midwestern farm vote is appalling.

Southern farmers told the Committee that they are willing to continue strict controls on acreage and production allotments provided Democrat-initiated price supports on storage commodities are retained. They did not feel regimented. And they emphasized that they wanted the soil-conservation program—which during 20 years of Democratic rule had restored fertility to farms worn out by generations of cotton planting—not only continued, but expanded. The new Administration has tried to cut down soil-conservation activity. The GOP Congress reduced the program, but not to the level requested.

The President of Dallas County unit of the National Farm Bureau—a conservative organization that "liked Ike" and supported his budget policies—said:

> The majority of Texas farmers don't think much of Benson or his program either—if he has a definite program . . . . The actual dirt farmer feels that Benson is talking mainly to the banker type of farmer and the oilman type of farmer instead of to the man who earns his living from the soil. That's the sentiment all through this section.

The Committee has left on another 1200-mile marathon through the Midwest; Republican members are keeping their fingers crossed.

How The Horse Was Stolen Before We had It

If one concedes our industrial and technical superiority, I can only deduct—and here to speak solely as an individual that the Soviets had begun their development of the weapon some considerable time before we did—benefitting through the espionage and treason of which we have been the victim. — ADMIRAL LEWIS L. STRAUS, Chairman, U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, September 30, 1953.

The Question of Rhee

THE COMMUNIST nations have taken the first step toward setting up the political conference on Korea. The note from Peiping, delivered four days before the conference itself was due to open, agrees that emissaries of both sides shall meet in Panmunjom to consider where and when the conference shall be held.

This much confirms the wisdom of the hardline, set and adhered to by Secretary Dulles. And the State Department still hopes that the conference will be held on the terms which the Communists helped to set. The Chinese note, however, sounds a warning. It proposes that the Panmunjom meeting settle "what is more essential . . . "—the composition of the political conference. This indicates new probing efforts into the divisions within the UN. The British have already indicated a willingness to reorganize the conference (thus ensuring more Communist pressure), the French are willing to try anything in the hope that they can obtain from the conference a Communist concession on Indo-China while yielding nothing, themselves, in return. The US intends to continue to stand fast in the belief that, at least in Korea, time is on our side. The danger remains that President Rhee will break the truce. But as the Korean people return to tasks of peace, and reconstruction funds begin to flow into Korea, US officials believe that it will become harder for the Republic to initiate a new war.

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Durkin's Successor

IT WILL BE interesting to see what kind of speech the new Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, makes at the Congress of Industrial Organizations convention next month. Mitchell is essentially an operator, a second-flight but able corporation management man who commanded the respect of his superiors by his specialized comprehension of labor and personnel problems. Nobody dislikes him—least of all the leaders of the CIO Distributive Workers in New York and the AFL Building Trades leaders with whom he has carefully established relations. He knows that unions are here to stay, that unions can be used to improve productivity. He is exactly the kind of management operator—clear-headed, competent, cool—admired by Governor Dewey in the industrial-relations field. He was suggested to Mr. Eisenhower for Secretary of Labor before the inauguration; after the Administration's effort to capture a labor leader, in the person of Martin P. Durkin, failed, the Dewey camp renewed its recommendation of Mitchell, and he got the job.

The question remains: What is Mitchell supposed to do as Secretary of Labor? He can scarcely expect Congress to redeem the President's campaign promises to "strengthen" the department. Congress wouldn't do this even for Durkin; instead it cut the department's appropriations. Mitchell is not supposed to function as a catalyst to produce Taft-Hartley changes; Commerce Secretary Weeks and the National Association of Manufacturers have already proved themselves stronger in the Administration than a mere Labor Secretary could become. One must anticipate, therefore, that Secretary Mitchell is merely expected to "operate"—to fill a Cabinet post authorized by law, to administer the functions prescribed for him, to "handle" whatever "problems" are raised by labor without doing much about them, but to get along with unions as he has done before. Whether this will give him enough material for speeches at labor conventions, this year and the coming years, seems dubious.

War Against the West

IN THE WEST, there is scarcely a person who has not felt the bite of the new power policy advanced in President Eisenhower's name. Western farmers view the new policy as a bald-faced effort to give private power companies the benefits from public plants built with public funds.

In the enormous Missouri Basin, for example, public plants used to sell surplus power to private companies under short-period contracts so that if farmers' Rural Electrification Administration Co-operatives, or other public users, grew to require added power, their needs could be met under the "preference clause."

Now, all public users must contract for what they want by January 1, 1954; what remains will be sold on long-term contracts to private companies. Public users, then, must either buy and pay for more power than they can now use or, as their needs expand, pay a private company a handsome price for power coming from a plant built with public funds.

Fred G. Aandahl, Assistant Secretary of the Interior directly in charge of power, has told the US Chamber of Commerce that the price of federal power will be raised to discourage any more disturbance of private "established retail systems" by new co-operatives.

Members of farmers' co-operatives—55,000 in Colorado alone; half a million in the Missouri basin—are furious. And conservative Western newspapers are outraged. The *Denver Post*, the great conservative voice of the Rocky Mountain region and the staunchest of Eisenhower supporters, has denounced the new policy and promised a fight.

Expensive advertisements placed in big magazines at the consumers' expense, says the *Denver Post*, clearly show that private utilities think the time is ripe to run government clear out of the power business. "The private companies have declared war," the *Post* insists, "war against the West, war against a legitimate function of government. . . . If they should win, it would be a national tragedy."

Velde Pauses

THE APPEARANCE of J. B. Matthews—"7,000 Protestant Clergymen have served the Communists" — before Harold Velde's House Un-American Activities Committee has again been postponed.

After Matthews lost his job with McCarthy's Committee, Velde agreed to hear him early in October. Then he

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postponed the hearing until sometime in November. Now it seems Matthews will not appear until January.

Velde admits "there is a lively possibility" that he will run against Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) in 1954. To win he would need the votes of downstate Illinois Protestants who are really angry over what they consider Matthew's attack on religion.

Velde's ambitions, together with Matthew's refusal to name a single Communist clergyman in a recent television appearance, have caused speculation that the hearing may never be held.

Auld Lang Syne

R. E. LEE is now the fourth Republican member of the seven-man Federal Communications Commission. Formerly chief investigator of the House Appropriations Committee, Lee is a close friend of Joe McCarthy. His wife lately served as matron-of-honor to McCarthy's bride, Jean Kerr. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lee worked closely with McCarthy and Jean Kerr to defeat Millard Tydings in the 1950 Maryland Senatorial elections.

Lee's total radio and television experience consists of appearances on Facts Forum—a "discussion" program frequently featuring Senator McCarthy. Facts Forum is financed by Texan H. L. Hunt — "McCarthy's good friend" — whose oil holdings alone are estimated at $600 million. Hunt is anxious to spend his money helping "our kind of guys," says a right-wing Republican Party official. Lee says he appeared on the program at Hunt's invitation "to help get it started." Others received their invitations to appear from Jean Kerr. At the moment, Hunt is said to be deciding between featuring McCarthy even more frequently on Facts Forum—carried by 130 radio and 30 television stations—and buying him a national weekly program all his own.

Lee thinks his lack of experience in Communications will be an asset—"It could be a liability for a man to know too much about the field"—and insists that McCarthy had nothing to do with his appointment.

FCC soon will allocate a Milwaukee television channel which Milwaukee school officials want for educational programs, and the Hearst Corporation wants to use commercially. McCarthy has already intervened in favor of Hearst.

Back Seat for Bevan

TWO PRINCIPAL conclusions were drawn by the press at the end of the British Labour Party's annual convention at the seaside resort of Margate this month. The first was that the Socialists had closed their ranks —the Trade Union "lambs" did, after all, lie down with the Bevanite "wolves"—the second was that the conference was a rather dull affair compared with its raucous and embittered predecessor at Morecambe.

For the time being that is a perfectly adequate analysis of what happened. Mr. Bevan and his five principal followers who were elected last year to represent the left-wing point of view on the National Executive had already accepted and endorsed the party's official program "Challenge to Britain." Indeed, they had helped to prepare it. Everyone knew that the Bevanites would have preferred a more full-blooded document with larger and more definitive proposals for extending the field of state ownership. But they had bowed to the will of the majority.

They bowed because there was no alternative—except a course of action which would really break up the party and deprive it of any hope of power for an indefinite period. The Bevanites have had to choose, in the party as well as in the House of Commons, between open and avowed opposition to the established leadership (thereby increasing their nuisance value but diminishing their real influence) and a course which would make them a recognized but always outnumbered minority group inside the party hierarchy. With his eye on the ultimate leadership Bevan's decision was never really in doubt.

Twelve months ago the left-wing *New Statesman and Nation* was cock-a-hoop at the prospect of "Bevanism" becoming the official party line. For then at the Morecambe Conference the Bevanites scored their sensational victories over the old guard on the Executive and knocked their most dangerous opponent, Herbert Morrison, right off the platform. They dominated the whole tone of the conference and came away with the denunciations of the union leaders ringing very happily in their ears.

This year the Bevanites were all re-elected with increased votes. But an alteration in the party constitution enabled Mr. Morrison as Deputy Leader to slip unobstrusively onto the Executive again. The left-wing amendments were steadily, almost monotonously defeated and the *New Statesman* records simply that "the Right of the party, for all the big battalions it commands, cannot destroy the Left."

And so the truce has been preserved. "Challenge to Britain" survives as the basis of Labour's next election program. It is based principally on a thesis of a much greater degree of economic national self-sufficiency. This is to be achieved by a rapid expansion of the engineering industries and of agricultural production. Nationalization is hinted at in a number of directions (particularly coveteous glances being cast toward chemicals and the big insurance networks). But reading between the lines it seems clear that Labour has moved far and fast from its early, almost religious, faith in the nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange.

So long as Clement Attlee remains at the helm (and at 70 he still shows not the slightest sign of leaving it) the moderates in the party will continue to dominate its course. The power of the Left is dependent almost entirely on the enigmatic figure of "Nye" Bevan. The left-wing has seldom before enjoyed the favors of a man so senior in the party hierarchy nor of one who is such a serious contender for its leadership. It is this fact which makes the present situation a good deal less stable than it appears. In 1956, by a national order of seniority, Mr. Bevan will become chairman of the party. This post (which is purely honorary and lasts only twelve months) will entitle him to preside over the annual party conference. And whatever the newspapers have to say about the convention that year, it is safe to predict that the word "dull" will not again appear in the headlines.

London MICHAEL CURTIS

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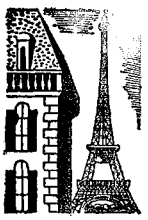
Paris Dispatch: SUCCESS FOR FRANCO

Rain fell on Madrid while the three agreements between Spain and the US were being signed. The friends of Francisco Franco were more than pleased. A long and hard drought was ended. So was the political isolation in which El Caudillo had found himself since the death of his great and good friend, Adolf Hitler. Now he was an ally in excellent standing of the leader of the free world, thanks to what he himself described as "the most important achievement of our contemporary foreign policy."

At the conclusion of the stiffly formal ceremony of the signature in the pink palace of the Marques de Santa Cruz, Foreign Minister Artajo turned smiling broadly to Ambassador Dunn—the US diplomat with the face and manner of a medieval hidalgo—and said in French: "It is a happy day." Madrid's newspapers agreed.

The *Arriba,* organ of the (Fascist) phalangists, said: "The agreements are a beginning, not an end." *Pueblo,* which speaks for the so-called labor unions run by José Solis, wrote: "Spain and the United States are nations naturally destined to co-operate." The Catholics said the agreements were still another confirmation of the glorious moral and spiritual leadership of the Generalissimo. First there had been Spain's election to membership to the United Nations agency which is supposed to promote peace, progress and democratic social justice through education, science and culture. Then there was the Concordat by which the Holy See not only gave Franco privileges once reserved for their most Catholic majesties, the Kings of Spain, but also recognized his leadership of the whole Spanish-speaking world. Thanks to him, the Mass may now be celebrated in the Spanish language.



The Catholic organ, *Ya,* wrote: "Spain which fought Communism alone in 1936 will now have the support of the most powerful nation in the world to strike again at its enemy." The monarchist *ABC,* which speaks for big business, gloated over the "new resources of wealth" which would now be open to Spain.

In our time, the dollar diplomacy which helped us heed the call of the destiny long ago seems to us in the US to be entirely out-of-date. The Europeans recognize that we lead the free world by the authority which gives us primacy in such organizations as the NATO, an alliance of governments "determined to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilization of their peoples, founded on the principles of democracy." At the same time, however, they see in the vote in the UN on the admittance to India to the Korean conference the survival of that kind of diplomacy in Latin America, and the distant echoes of the victory for moralistic liberation first won on San Juan Hill and at Manila Bay.

If the die-hards of the Left were alone among Western European democrats in being alienated by the Madrid deal, there might be some chance of justifying it to public opinion in general on much the same grounds as those used to justify the Vichy policy—military expediency. It is not the first time, as the London *Times* remarks, "that a military necessity has been widely regretted on other grounds." José Felix Lequerica, the master-mind of the Madrid deal, brought to Washington the talents he had acquired as Franco's ambassador to Marshal Philippe Petain in Vichy.

But the Madrid deal is causing more —and wider spread—damage to US prestige in Western Europe than the Vichy policy did. The effect of that policy—the arrangements with Petain, Darlan, Badoglio and the others of their stamp—was to help the Communists build up big parties in France and Italy. At a time when cold forces seems to be replacing Cold War, the Madrid deal may well change the apathy or neutralism of many non-Communists all over Western Europe into opposition or worse; it may therefore almost literally cut the ground out from under the armies of the free, democratic world.

Nevertheless, the real danger of the Madrid deal is not the shadow it casts on the democratic principles of US leadership of the free world. Europeans pounced on a single phrase in the agreements, in Article 4 of the defense pact: "installations of a classified nature." In their context the words were taken as a euphemism for US bases on Spanish soil —beyond the Pyrenees and out of the range of the MIGs—from which atomic and hydrogen bombs can be flown to liberate the peoples suffering under Soviet tyranny.

The most serious problem created by the Madrid deal in Western European democratic public opinion is that it arouses old doubts, and provokes new ones, about whether the Eisenhower Administration and the Pentagon really consider the Atlantic alliance to be purely and exclusively defensive. Spanish history from the *Maine* to Franco's sending the Blue Division to fight on Hitler's side—without a declaration of war—underlies and underlines such doubts.

Franco has given General Eisenhower more than he was willing to give Hitler —agreements which amount pretty much to a formal military alliance. Has he also given—by the secret clauses of the agreements, which are known to exist—something else he denied to Hitler—the right to launch surprise air attacks on the common enemy from Spanish soil? The number of sensible Western Europeans who believe that such a right, if given, would be used by the US is small. Nevertheless, the *Monde* of Paris says:

> There is now a very clear danger of a new orientation of the Atlantic alliance. In principle it was created in the perspective of the defense of the Western nations against an eventual Soviet aggression. But it seems more and more to be taking on the appearance of a coalition from which an offensive character is not absent.

The London *Times* speaks for America's best friends when it suggests that "to remove all larger doubts, the immediate sequel to the agreements—made with a man who is intent first and foremost on stability within Spain—should be a solemn affirmation of the strictly defensive purpose of the North Atlantic Treaty."

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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The High Price of World Leadership

If we are narrow, dogmatic, self-centered, we shall break the free nations apart.

by Dean Acheson

TO A STERNER nature than mine it may be enough to know that in hard days one did one's best. But it is a lonely satisfaction, and leaves the heart cold. You bring the warmth of a quadruple honor—the Award of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, bearing the accolade of that great name; the fact that in following my beloved chief, President Truman, in this honor, you associate me with him once again; the presence and the kind words of my colleague of more than a decade of government service, Secretary Thomas Finletter, whose friendship now, as always, in Francis Bacon's phrase "redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half"; and the attesting presence of this company of generous friends.

I accept it with a full and grateful heart. The warmth of such friendship makes one stiffening from old wounds feel once again the oar in his hand, the surge of the sea under the stem and the prow pointed to seas never yet sailed. And one feels again the grim courage of that figure at the helm who brought us—not to port, for there will be no port for a long time—but through the hurricane to more navigable seas.

On Labor Day, President Truman said that one of the results of private life was that it gave a man time to think. He did not disclose whether the opportunity gave pain or pleasure. I shall not intrude where he has hesitated. But his remark raises another point illustrated by a most able statesman of one of our American neighbors, who was asked his policy about giving public expression to his thoughts: "I have two types of thoughts —one, I share with all; the other, I never think."

Your kindness to me tonight gives me an opportunity to share with you some thoughts. Their validity you will judge.

The foreign policy of the United States is composed of two elements, object and method—to put it another way, the purpose or object to be attained, and the various acts, international, domestic, public and private, which affect our international purposes and goals.

As to the first of these—the broad purpose—I do not believe that, among Americans who are informed, there is or can be, any serious disagreement about the proper aim of our foreign policy in the national interest. We would agree, I think, that the purpose of our foreign policy is to maintain and foster an environment in which our national life and individual freedom can survive and prosper. We would believe that the Communist bloc is wholly hostile to the attainment of this purpose; desires a diametrically opposite result; and at one time came close to having the capacity to effect its desire.

We believe, I continue, that the danger does not confront us alone. It confronts all peoples who wish to pursue their own national or cultural development in their own way, and all who cherish individual liberty. The will and power of some of these nations, added to ours, can obtain the result we and they seek. The support, trust and co-operation of all is important to us and to them. The loss of certain of these nations would gravely prejudice the outcome.

Such I believe to be the situation in a nutshell. It means, as it had meant five times in the last 400 years, a coalition to resist the imposition by a powerful state of its hegemony upon others. For it has been by this means that five times a group of states have maintained their independence, their freedom to develop along their chosen paths, however diverse these may have been. A coalition defeated the attempt of Louis XIV to impose absolutism upon Europe, to make subject peoples out of independent peoples. A coalition defeated Napoleon; another defeated the Kaiser; another Hitler. And now another still has been formed to face a danger equal and greater than any of these—greater because added to the power of a great state is an international conspiratorial doctrine which is used to exascerbate and exploit all conflicts within and between the opposing states.

If, as I believe, this is the problem, let us look at the history of the postwar years. I submit that it falls into two phases: One, the creation of the coalition amid confusion and evident danger; the other, the maintenance and management of the coalition against cajolery and subversion in the face of a more hidden but perhaps greater danger.

The first phase occupied the period from shortly after the end of World War II to the Communist Party Congress in Moscow in the autumn of 1952; the second phase we are now in, and cannot foresee its end, except that it will not come soon.

The problem of the past six years was to create the coalition to oppose the imposition of Communist tyranny. The need to do so came about because the collapse of Germany and Japan removed the powers which

This address by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson was delivered on the occasion of his receiving the Woodrow Wilson Award, October 1.

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stood astride the borders to which five centuries of expansion had brought the Russian Empire. The weakness of Western Europe created a fluidity there, unparalleled in modern times. And the awakening of the peoples of Asia and Africa to a sense of their own destiny released forces of promise and of confusion.

The task of creating this coalition consisted not merely in bringing the nations concerned together in the common purpose—but almost in recreating the economic and social strength, the moral confidence, and the will to succeed of many, if not most, of the nations involved. It was a task of unprecedented magnitude and difficulty. Nations broken by the war either in spirit, or in substance, or in power, or in all three—friends and former enemies alike—were restored to health and confidence and brought to seek a common purpose.

In this vast and triumphant accomplishment all those nations contributed in effort, in sacrifice, in courage. In furnishing the ways and means—and, I think it fair to say, the inspiration—a major portion of the task fell to the United States.

THE STEPS taken by our own and like-minded nations are too well known to do more than mention them—the prompt action to save Greece and Turkey; the economic restoration, including the Marshall Plan; the lifting of the siege of Berlin; the material and moral rebuilding of Germany and Japan; the North Atlantic Treaty; the creation of the unified military force in Europe and on the Atlantic; the movement for unity in Western Europe, which remains of great importance; the rearmament program; the vindication of collective security in Korea; the Pacific Treaties; and the gallant fight in Indo-China, Malaya, the Philippines against Communist-inspired attack.

During this initial postwar period of power fluidity the Russians had successes as well as great and disappointing failures. They tried to win the vital industrial centers of Europe, to complement their system—and failed. Their gain lay in another field—the undeveloped area of China. Their gain here was loss for us. That must be entered in the account. When this is done and the account of the first phase cast up, one conclusion stands out:

Much, much indeed, has been accomplished in a brief and crowded time. In a very real sense chaos was turned into substance, and substance into strength, by the common will to achieve of free, though deeply tired and tried, peoples. So much so, that last autumn even before the death of Stalin, the Communist Party Congress recognized the profound change, and, in turn, forecast a new Communist policy. No longer did the party leaders consider constant pressure, the intimidation of vast armaments, ceaseless and violent propaganda, and a hammer blow or two at weak spots, sufficient to accomplish their purpose.

The new Soviet policy was the greatest accolade of our united success. It called for the splitting up of our coalition; the checking and disintegration of our common and growing strength; the end of United States military participation in the defense of Europe and the Middle East. All this would be accompanied by an expected economic crisis in the West—what Stalin called "the deepening of the general crisis of capitalism." In total, it would create a situation ultimately favorable to Soviet dominance in the world.

And so with our gains and losses, we come to the second phase. Equilibrium has been created. Strength has told. Negotiation is asked, is possible, is desirable, and may—but only may—be productive. This is one of the results we have sought. But negotiation is a method, not an end of policy. In what attitude, with what scale of values, should we approach negotiation? Here certain principles seem to me to contain the essence of salvation.

The first is that never more than at present is the preservation of the coalition so essential. To sustain it and to strengthen it must be the foundation of our foreign policy. The most unforgivable of mistakes would be to falter in a policy just as developments prove its rightness and success.

Let me urge this thought upon you as we approach the negotiations of the coming months—perhaps the coming years. Whatever issues appear upon the conference agenda, whatever debates occupy the columns of the press and the news hours of the radio—the supreme issue, the central point around which all else revolves is the health and strength and cohesiveness of our coalition. Every effort will be made to divide us from our allies. Every effort will be made to sow distrust, suspicion, and to make it appear that one or the other of us is imposing upon the others. All of this brings us face to face with the fundamental principles and rules of conduct which govern the association of free peoples in a common effort.

The leadership of a coalition of free people requires that the purposes and policies put forward are broad enough to embrace the interests of the whole group—or, at least, the vital, essential interests of the group. This is a matter of the deepest moral responsibility. Such a leader is a trustee. His interests cannot be personal or narrow. They must encompass the interests of all for whom he assumes the responsibility of leadership. This conception is essential for the operation of a coalition.

It puts a high price upon leadership. It means that one cannot yield to the demands of domestic politics if the statesmen of the nation exercising leadership are to command the confidence of others, who, in their turn, must subordinate urgent local pressures to the wider good. It means that, in a system of states, the leader, and all others, must deal with the members as one would expect to deal with allies and friends, who have many conflicting points of view. This requires the confinement of issues to the essential and the resistance to pressures which accentuate more remote, divisive issues.

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A former colleague of mine well said: "The essence of leadership is the successful resolution of problems and the successful attainment of objectives which impress themselves as being important to those whom one is called upon to lead."

Leadership also requires courtesy and manners. And at a time when peoples live cheek by jowl with other peoples, it requires not merely diplomatic manners, but governmental, press, radio and popular manners. Whoever, for whatever seemingly local or personal purpose, insults or denigrates our allies strikes at the heart of our policy. Whoever portrays us as the sole repository of wisdom and resistance to tyranny, and who portrays our allies as something considerably less, does the coalition a great disfavor.

The problems of this fast upsurging phase of our foreign policy are puzzling beyond measure. Those who represent us are entitled to every support. But the point remains that at the heart of our policy always, day in and day out, lies the strengthening of our coalition, of our united front.

And this, in turn, affects touchy points of domestic policy. For without strength—military strength—our own and our allies—the coalition loses its effectiveness to achieve its essential purpose. If the growth of this strength is stunted or impaired for whatever reason, the same results cannot be expected from our common policy. As a famous critic said of a great actress in the role of Chanticleer, "Charm never made a rooster."

A military force—a unified, collective force—is not made by speeches. A strong economic system of the free world is not made by exhortation and high tariffs. These are some of the costs of responsibility. Our responses to them are tests of maturity. But for historians they will be more—they will bear upon our survival as a nation and a free people.

There is another—and even more difficult—requirement for leadership in our coalition. It is a moral requirement, for the crucial issue of the struggle of our time is a moral issue, one central to the life we have inherited, to the very air we breathe. Above and beyond the alignment of nations and the defensive power which all of us strive to create, inspiring and uniting us, is the idea of freedom—not only national freedom, but the freedom of man. We call our civilization Graeco-Judaic-Christian. The common idea in this heritage is the notion of the dignity of man, which means, as the Age of Enlightenment underlined, the spirit of free inquiry. It is the defense of this idea against the police state, the modern form of tyranny, which unites and inspires the men and women whom our coalition represents and serves.

One of the dangers—clear and present dangers, in judicial phrase—which confronts us Americans is what this struggle may do to us. Do to us, not in the physical or material sense, but in the sense John Milton meant, when he said, "Citizens, it is of no small concern what manner of men ye are, whether to preserve or to lose your liberties." An old French proverb tells us: *Chacun prend à l'adversaire, qu'il le veuille ou non.* (Everyone takes on the face of his adversary, whether he wills it or not.)

We are in real danger of taking on the face of our adversary. We see this happening in a number of ways. Each day presents too many examples of callousness, cynicism, indifference to the values of truth, fairness, restraint, free thought, free expression, free inquiry. They occur in many ways and at many levels in our national life.

At the lowest level they appear in the use of totalitarian methods ostensibly to fight Communism. You hear it said, "You have to use the methods of Bolsheviks to beat the Bolsheviks," or "These methods may be rough but so is the enemy." In my view, these rationalizations are insidiously false and deceptive. Bolshevik methods lead to Bolshevism. One of the tragedies of all times is the self-deception of those who act upon the belief that evil can be justified by, or lead to, good ends.

At a higher and more thoughtful level, but equally dangerous, is the view that only by developing an orthodoxy of our own can we defeat the totalitarian orthodoxy. It is said that the Western World wandered from the true path at the time of the Age of Enlightenment, and that the spirit of skepticism and of free inquiry, that grew out of that inspired age, has so corroded our faith that we are easy prey to the Communists. In my belief, what we need is not less spirit of free inquiry, but more. It has been the central idea of our nation, from the days of 1776 and earlier, that a free society is one in which diversity may flourish, in which the spirit of inquiry and of belief is free to explore and express. The advent of Communism has not changed this. We do not become stronger by imposing a uniformity of thinking upon ourselves; we become weaker. We lose, in fact, what we are fighting for; we take upon ourselves the face of our adversary.

THE SPIRIT of free inquiry, free thought, is the kernel of what we are defending, and it is also the strongest weapon in our arsenal. What is more, it is the principal binding force in our coalition. The tradition of 1776 is still the most powerful and attracting force in the world today; it is this that draws to our leadership people all over the world. Without this idea, we are to them just another powerful nation, bent upon interests which are not theirs. If we are narrow, dogmatic, self-centered, afraid, domineering and crabbed, we shall break apart the alliance on which our future depends. But, if we behave, in our dealings among ourselves and with our allies, as a free society should, we shall succeed in that most difficult task of leading a group of diverse peoples, doing unpleasant and burdensome things, over a long period of time, in the quiet defense of their precious liberty. It may be that this is the highest test of our American civilization which destiny has in store for us.

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The Mau Mau Terror

A "loyal" Kikuyu shot his brother.
A father condemned his son to death.

by Daniel Friedenberg

NAIROBI—The East African Standard notes, "The Honorable Secretary of Colonial Affairs, in response to disturbed question from House members, explained that in his opinion the situation in Kenya had been much exaggerated."

On the opposite column the same paper reports: "Three additional brigades of British troops, totalling more than 7,000 men, are due to arrive in Kenya within a fortnight to reinforce the 10,000 Kenya African Reserves. These shall be a welcome addition to the Home Guard and Northern Frontier Police."

There are more troops today actively engaged in fighting the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya than the total number of white settlers in the colony. Indeed, the capital city of Nairobi, which is built on the southern edge of Kikuyuland, the revolting area, resembles a beseiged fortress. Armed bands of British and black native troops imported from Uganda and the extreme North stand at street corners, with rifles slung over their shoulders. The city folk wear arms stuck in their waists and when the planters come into town, with double-barreled shotguns and braces of pistols on the cartridge belts, it looks like a scene out of the early American frontier. But the terror that lurks in the heart of these white people is real.

And so the superficial observer, by a subconscious and often unwitting act of sympathy toward those of similar language, culture and color, immediately adopts the white colonial point of view. The acts of terror committed by the Mau Mau (which literally means "Do it and do it quick") give the final grounds for a moral condemnation to reinforce the instinctive judgment. But let us, by a powerful exercise of mind, wipe out the color question and project our imaginations back in history. The scene is America, a British colony, in 1774. For reasons we all know, a revolt is simmering. But more than one-third of the colonists are staunchly Tory and stand with England, including almost all the rich landowners. Thereupon, in the radical province of Massachusetts, a Committee prepares a warning threatening death to those Tories who intend to sabotage the cause of freedom.

The Mau Mau warning is bloodthirsty and mystical. But there were declarations made in the American colonies just as fiery in intent. And our Revolution was Englishmen against Englishmen, with a common accepted standard of civilized warfare, while this is a small colonial white group who would not and have not hesitated to scrap every code of morality in the suppression of what they consider a revolt by savages who do not merit to be considered human beings. There are three white settlers to every 100 Kikuyu tribesmen. With all the announced terror of the Mau Mau, the actual fact is that only *12* white men have been killed, while the official British figure of 10,000 "Kukes" dead does not include those murdered by internecine warfare among the "loyal" and "disloyal" Kikuyus.

THE MAU MAU
WANT YOUR GUN!
SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET IT
IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS 65 FIREARMS HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS
19 WERE STOLEN IN MAY
28 WERE STOLEN IN JUNE
18 WERE STOLEN IN JULY
EVERY ONE OF THESE IS A POTENTIAL MURDER WEAPON
GUARD YOUR GUN

A flyer distributed in Kenya

An idealistic democrat will throw up his hands and retort: conditions must be terrible but violence is never any answer; terrorism, mob killing is of itself wrong whether one or 1,000 persons are murdered. But let us be unjaundiced. When peaceful and eminent American Englishmen addressed a petition of grievances to such sympathetic English Englishmen as Burke and Pitt, did this result in a bettering of the conditions? What chance does a mass of ignorant and starving blacks, therefore, have with a colonial white element that regards itself as actually made of finer distilled flesh and blood? It must be remembered that there are three whites to every 550 blacks in Kenya, while in the neighboring territories of Uganda and Tanganyika the proportion is closer to 1:1500; these fantastic figures have to be employed to make one realize how entirely alien the values involved are to our background. And to say that terrorism is never of avail is historically untrue, as any Irishman would have to admit. Would the French have given the present Bao Dai administration power in Indo-China if it weren't for Ho Chi Minh? Because of the present disturbance, against the bitter objections of the Kenyan colonialists, a British Royal Commission has been appointed to study the economic question behind the revolt. Would this Commission have been created if the Kikuyu had been content passively to starve?

Daniel Friedenberg recently returned from several months of travel in Africa.

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The white settlers point out that, if the Kikuyus are starving it is because the order imposed by the settlers has permitted the Kikuyu population to double in 50 years. But a starving Kikuyu is not consoled to learn that if tribal fights 50 years ago had not been quelled his father would never have been born. He is here and has a problem, and the question is to find a rational solution which will create a condition whereby he can earn a living at the same time as the white man, with his greater skills, can develop the raw materials of the country. The solution centers in the land. Somewhat more than 15,000 whites are engaged in agriculture and own from 33 1/3 to 50 percent of the arable land of Kenya. In the reserves of the Kikuyu tribe, with more than a million members, the population runs over 400 persons to the square mile; while in the white reserves, the population is 45 persons to the square mile, the latter figure *including* some 200,000 Kikuyus who work as squatters on the white farms. Some 4,000 white families have 12,000 *square miles* of estates while over a million tribesmen are supposed to live on approximately the same amount of land! Even so eminently a conservative periodical as the *St. Andrew's Journal* (Church of Scotland) admitted that: "In the Kikuyu land unit, you can find . . . a large and growing number who live in sheer misery below the poverty line." What makes the situation so ridiculous is that Kenya is an artificial body cut out from Uganda and Tanganyika, where, because of a smaller settlement of whites, the British have encouraged the extension of native agriculture. Albion Ross noted in one of his enlightened articles in the *New York Times*:

> Educated Africans ask why if a Negro lives on one side of a colonial frontier he is regarded as the backbone of the country and if he lives on the Kenya side he is constantly being told he is a black fool who would merely ruin the land reserved for the superior whites.

The British Government in London understands the problem and concedes the solution, which consists in granting more land to the blacks from the white reserves, coupled with some type of educational program designed to teach the natives crop rotation and soil conservation. Agricultural schools must be set up. The blacks must be taught not only the art of crop raising but the subsidiary processes relative to the produce of this type of land: sisal and tea preparation; the curing of coffee, hides and skin; sugar refining; cotton ginning. This would mean that the white settlers would have to plow back into the raw human material some of their profits for the greater good of all in the long run, the one course they refuse to consider. It is much more agreeable to pay the Kikuyu squatter, by arrangement made with the surrounding white settlers, 20 shillings or $2.80 a month to work the land while they play at being benevolent county squires. The intelligent home Britishers can't enforce a solution because it would give the zenophobic settlers an opportunity to shriek tyranny, the suppression of home rights, which would in turn enable certain parts of the Commonwealth, and in particular the Union of South Africa, to find a "legitimate" excuse to break away from the United Kingdom. What the more thoughtful Englishman hopes to do is crush the rebellion and then, once the excitement has died down, unobtrusively take measures to increase the black reserves. Will the intransigent Kenya colonialists permit this to be done?

NAIROBI: I sit at lunch in the hotel. A four-piece white orchestra is playing romantic music in the background. Sweet young things are fluttering their long eyelashes at military heroes sitting rather uncomfortably in their uniforms. I can count 32 black servitors hovering over the tables of the large dining room. While the sound of a mellow waltz rolls agreeably against my ear, I read the newspaper. A little article catches my attention. A correspondent from Nyeri reports: "At Fort Hall a patrol in the prohibited area on the forest edge came upon a party of Kikuyu who were digging roots. The party had sentries posted, and all escaped into the nearby thick brush." I glanced again at the luncheon menu. "Minestrone Soup; Filet of Lake Fish, St. Germain; Kabob Curry with Rice; Chicken Saute Marengo; Dauphine Potatoes and Green Peas; Cold Meats served from the Buffet; Assorted Salads; Jelly au Porto; Cream Ices; Biscuits and Cheese; Fruit; Coffee Served in the Lounge." As I looked up, one of the girls brushed off by accident a plate of cheeses onto the floor; two blacks, clad in white smocks with bare feet, rushed over and swept the food into a debris can.

The comparison of the small news item with the menu tells an old, old story: It is an open question whether, by assenting to and thus perpetuating the system, we are not actually causing more pain in the living world than the Mau Mau by their terroristic campaign. We go the theological teaching one step better; instead of turning the cheek, we bend the whole head away.

The Kenyan colonialist, in his heart, recognizes only one solution to the Mau Mau problem: the extermination of a large part of the Kikuyu tribe. Almost all the "Kukes" have been fired from the white preserves and their city jobs; shipped back in misery to the already overflowing black preserves, while many of the vacated white lands lie untilled. They either rot or drift into the Mau Mau areas. An iron curtain has now been thrown around the wilds of Kikuyuland and the Kikuyus are being systematically starved to death.

THOMPSON'S FALLS: When Joseph Thompson, the explorer, was dying of sickness, he was told by an African chief to go and expire on someone else's land because it would be unlucky for a white man to do it on his own. The native chief was right: for Thompson's land became settled by Afrikaners, the only genuine nest of convinced Fascists left in the world today. About 300 families of South Africans have made their homes in what are called the White Highlands and their center is Thompson's Falls. The Afrikaners resident are mainly

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teachers, but instead of teaching English, that moribund language from their viewpoint, they teach the future language of Africa: Afrikaan! One of them was instructing me, over drinks at the small local hotel, in the proper way to deal with blacks. "We've been handling them for 300 years," he said. "The trouble with the British is that they're too chicken-hearted. They call halt first. We just take out our Sten guns and, vee-vee-vee, vee-vee-vee, we let the bloody vermin have it! The other week a friend of mine knocked off 26 on his farm in one night." He laughed. "He tells me they don't come around anymore."

I wonder if it ever occurs to these noble beasts that a shoe can be made to fit two feet. Putting aside all questions of morality, decency and humanity—words, words, words to such—do these Afrikaners ever realize that if force is the only ultimate criterion they recognize, the world can hardly shed tears if by a transposition of events the blacks, who outnumber them three to one in their own land, get guns and employ the same logic?

KILIMANJARO (Tanganyika): The Chagga tribe, separated from the Kikuyu by the fierce Wasai warrior-nomads of the plains of Southern Kenya, are brother peoples. The Chagga inhabit mountainous areas of Kilimanjaro, the Kikuyu Mt. Kenya. The religion of each group is built on the high-dwelling gods: Kibo, the highest peak of Kilimanjaro means literally "the abode of God" while even in the Mau Mau ceremony the Kikuyu face Mt. Kenya for religious devotion. Both groups are known as the most industrious and intelligent natives of their respective countries. Each, unlike the other tribes of British East Africa, have lived for centuries by tilling the mountain soil, raising in the fertile highlands bananas, coffee, sugar cane, cabbage and other garden vegetables. I spent six days on safari, climbing through the jungle plantations to the heath and thence the Arctic wastes on top of Kilimanjaro. I went alone with five black Chaggas, all armed with wicked knives. I was at their mercy in the trackless waste and yet it would be impossible to find more completely devoted servants. What strange alchemy has transformed the traditionally friendly and rather cowardly Kikuyu to a ravaging terrorist while his Chagga brother remains the smiling counterpart of Kipling's White Man's Burden?

A good part of the answer lies in the fact that Tanganyika, formerly part of German territory before World War I, is now under the theoretic jurisdiction of the United Nations. The British, unlike the South Africans and Belgians, respect this distinction and have been loathe to settle an area in which the sovereignty of Her Majesty's Government is in doubt. Only a handful of whites—a mere few thousand—have established themselves in Tanganyika and consequently the British Government has concentrated on teaching the natives modern methods of agriculture in order to increase their yield. The Kikuyus, to the contrary, had the miserable misfortune to find Nairobi built on their tribal land, and with the advent of this white city followed the plague of white adventurers who came for a quick kill and the knowledge that the white man's law would protect them and not their victims. It is a historic fact that not until 20 years ago did the British home government, over the objections of the Kenyan colonialists, prohibit compulsory labor on the white farms.

And yet the very fact that these humble Chagga have not been affected by the outbreak of their brother people to the North is indicative of the weakness—and eventual defeat—of the Kikuyu uprising. Instead of turning to a genuine form of black nationalism, which certain of their leaders such as Jomo Kenyatta wanted (which some whites supported), the ignorant starving natives made the mistake that so many others have lamentably done before; they turned to their ancient gods and forged a blood cult, a religio-mystic-nationalism to deal with a situation which demanded a doctrine of universal appeal. The result has been that this tribal fetish has had almost no appeal to the neighboring black tribes and at the same time has offended every civilized white man who might have been sympathetic. In the lack of extra-tribal appeal lies the defeat of Mau Mau. The British use Somali, Galla, Wanai and Kipsigis black tribesmen to put down the revolt with perfect impunity because Mau Mau does not traverse tribal lines; it has even created the most frightful kind of civil war among the Kikuyu themselves because an Elder, a Chief or an educated Christian Kikuyu can say with perfect sincerity that he is for a better way of life for his tribe but against atavistic and terroristic methods. In one day's paper alone I saw the following accounts: a Security Patrol Kikuyu shot his own Mau Mau brother, who in turn had shot their father; a sister of a Chief was caught in the raiding party which had just attempted to murder him; a father passed the sentence of death on his own son. These items give one but the most feeble idea of the internecine war waging among the Kikuyu. The Mau Mau thus might be seen as a blind alley, anti-intellectual and chaotic, an abortive attempt to escape a basic economic situation which can only be solved by a land redistribution coupled with agrarian education. Terrorism based on a blood cult has no longer a meaningful place in modern society. If, on the contrary, the Mau Mau had been able to found their terrorism on a catechism of black solidarity, the history of British East Africa might be writ far different.

MOMBASA: We sat in the Mombasa Private Club, White Man's Citadel, built directly abutting Fort Jesus, the gloomy edifice Vasco da Gama had constructed to defy the Arabs and which is now used as the City Prison. Colonel F., to whom I had received a letter of introduction, was happily ruminating over his third pink gin. He was expostulating the virtues of natural aristocracy and wanted to know if there were any "true Virginians" left. The Colonel was in for the weekend from his

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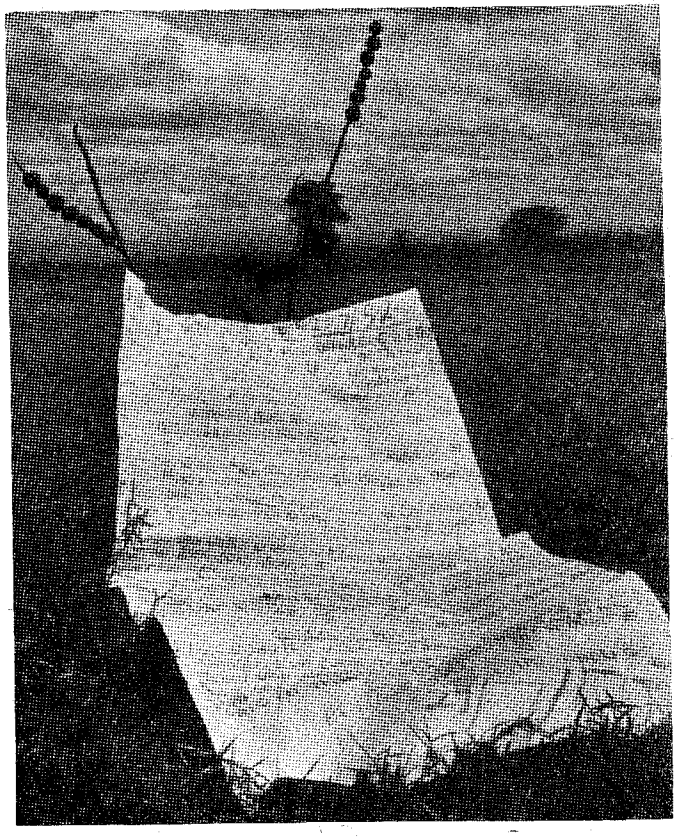
6,000-acre plantation and was commiserating the death of his friend, Lt.-Col. Lord Francis George Montagu Douglas-Scott, of Deloraine, uncle of the Duchess of Gloucester, a Kenyan resident, who had just died.

It would take a new Addison to describe these Johnny-come-lately Sir Roger de Coverleys. Many of the Kenya settlers are broken remnants of the British aristocracy who have fled modern England and retrieved their eighteenth-century county squire dreams here; reinforced by a stream of war veterans from the Ethiopian and Somaliland campaigns of the last war. They live in that evanescent dream-mirage known as the New Elizabethan Age. Somehow, this dream asserts, the very name of Elizabeth II shall usher in an age abundant in glory which shall spread more red ink over the territories on all the maps of the world—bringing in its train peace and prosperity to the lesser breeds. For the average Englishman is a man of good will and has less viciousness than any other European colonist. And, for a startling minute, as I looked at the Arabized blacks serving drinks in the wainscotted bar, I wondered if he wasn't right. For if Kenya is a reflection of the modern world, an impartial aristocratic judgment is imperatively needed to bring justice to the horde of conflicting tribes, races and religions. Mombasa is a Moslem city, as is indeed the whole eastern Indian Ocean coast of Kenya. The black natives of the interior are divided into a dozen tribes who still bear violent enmity toward each other; it is said the Wasai get great delight out of spearing Kikuyus. More than 150,000 Indians have emigrated to the colony, Hindoos, Sikhs and Pakistanese, and Prime Minister Nehru of India trumpets the rights of the poor persecuted Indians, who actually have a monopoly on the commercial lift of the province. Catholic and Protestant missionaries vie for the souls of the pagan blacks. Moslem fanatics scream that the Christians are taking away their rights. Jews are strongly settled in the professional life. And in this unholy cauldron, perhaps the British influence—even though based on pure self-interest—is needed to keep society from flying apart.

NAIROBI: Tonight I went to the movies and came out after midnight. It was a five block walk to the hotel. A full moon hung over the deserted streets; the Mau Mau have a predilection for attacking on moonlight nights. It seemed that time hung still as I gingerly inched up the abandoned city. And I thought again of the Mau Mau blood oath which is regarded with the sacred force of the gods: "If I am called in the night and refuse to come, this oath will kill me. If I am called in the night and am naked I still must go. If I am asked to bring in the head of a European and refuse, this oath will kill me." As I walked through an unlighted street, a car door opened and a black hand reached out. Of course, it was only a late parker, probably with his girl. But for that one brief second, when I saw the black hand extended, my heart almost snapped in my chest. Blind terror filled me. *And suddenly I understood.* For if I had had a gun, without a moment of hesitation I would have shot the man on the spot. And then I realized that I had to come 15,000 miles to put myself in the place of these settlers who never know when the hand of chance might descend on their wife or child, murdering and desecrating without relation to guilt or fault. I was glad of the experience; because one cannot judge by ethical abstractions these white men hounded at night and at day by black magic carrying the terror of stealth and the shape of death. But I also knew, with every anguish of my being, that man cannot live in the constant presence of terror: it will eventually destroy the terrorizer and the terrorized. Because both become beasts as the reason breaks down.

As I pass from country to country in Colonial Africa, a tourist in Buchenwald, I am irresistibly reminded of that imagery in Dante's *Divine Comedy* where he describes his descent into Hell: first it became warm, then hot and still hotter, until at the inmost bottom it is frozen over; the cries of the tortured become frenzied, then more and more bestial, until there is only silence, cold tearing silence. The passage from Morocco to French West Africa to the Congo to Kenya is very much the paradigm; I shudder and will not go on to the Union of South Africa, where Inferno is freezing over. The delicate cerebral traceries of the human brain reach a point where they simply cannot endure the witness of so much human barbarity in the name of civilized values. With the incapacity to become callous like Rimbaud, insane like Nietzsche or saintly like Francis, I must flee North to escape the burden of my own weakness.



A Mau Mau Warning

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Africa Can Be Saved

A race war that threatens the world can be forestalled by Europe and the U. S.

by Patrick Duncan

ANYONE can see that Africa is approaching great difficulties. The Mau Mau in Kenya, civil disobedience in Northern Rhodesia, mutterings from South Africa, the continuing clashes between the French and the Islamic nationalists in North Africa have made the world shiver for Africa. I want to show that the coming crisis is of the highest importance not only to the Africans themselves but to the world too. I want to show that with the right handling the world is likely to gain a new set of friends and a new enrichment of the common life, but that with the wrong handling Africa may be lost.

Africa's crisis is essentially the same as the Japanese crisis of 100 years ago. Revolted by her first contact with Western intolerance in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Japan had for two hundred years isolated herself from the world community. Then United States warships, carrying the technical wonders of the West as if in a traveling exhibition, demonstrated to the Japanese that the modern scientific industrial world community was so strong that they had to come to terms with it, to join it, and thereby to be enriched by it and to enrich it. The Japanese were convinced by what they saw that if they continued to isolate themselves from it and from modern military science, it would burst in on them with irresistible force and destroy the Japan that they knew. The decision made so unanimously by the Japanese was a highly intelligent decision, and has been justified.

Africa's isolation has lasted until now. Egypt, Rome and later Europe were prevented from expanding overland into Africa by the Sahara. When the coasts were discovered by the whites the interior remained unexplored for centuries because the people were well-armed, and because the climate did not allow immigration. The technique of the West arrived along the coasts but made little impression. Even after the interior was penetrated the peoples were so remote from a technical civilization that they were not able to draw the conclusions and make the decision that the Japanese made.

During the last 10 years the Africans consciously and unconsciously have made this decision. Their decision has not had the sudden, almost symbolical, drama of the disappearance of the Shogunate in Japan. But in the same way as the Japanese, the Africans now realize that they will perish if they remain isolated; that they cannot survive in today's world unless they join the world community. This decision is as unanimous among thinking Africans as the Japanese decision was unanimous among thinking Japanese.

Of course, there are many Africans who do not know much about the outer world and who deny that anything has changed. But, as in any community, such people always take their cue in times of difficulty from the intellectually active minority. It is this minority that has made this decision. Against this minority no African government can long govern. This has been proved in the Gold Coast, and will shortly be proved in the British Central African Federation. This decision that has been made is the greatest political factor in Africa today and will remain so for at least a generation. Governments will ignore this decision at their peril. If they are able to accept it and to co-operate with the minority, they may last. If not, their position will be made untenable.

Acceptance involves two minimum requirements: (1) guaranteed status and dignity for Africans; and (2) modernization on the lines of Kemal's Turkey.

Governments can guarantee the status of Africans by an abolition of the color bar in their African and European territories, and by public affirmations (not necessarily in words) of the equal dignity of black and white men. The color bar is one of these apparently unimportant, yet actually mighty, symbols in history. It is a symbol of the belief that the African is inferior and an attack on his present status and his future fitness for full membership of the world community. The thinking minority has come to use it as a touchstone of what to accept and what to reject. They share some of the characteristics of the sociologists' "marginal man," and may become obsessed with questions of their status in any situation where it is doubtful. During the rest of this century the most perfect colonial government which fails to guarantee status will provoke unreasoning, unyielding and successful resistance from the thinking minority, and with them from the whole governed population. Guaranteed status is the minimum requirement in the psychological sphere.

The second minimum requirement is a vital and honest modernization program, enlisting the interest,

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Patrick Duncan, son of a former British Governor-General of South Africa, was the first white person to join with Africans and Indians in the defiance campaign against South Africa's racial laws.

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zeals, and labors of the whole population. Africa needs today what the Turks needed in their defeat after World War I. Africa is the most illiterate part of the world, the most beggared, and contains the world's most revolting diseases. It needs a war on poverty, ignorance and disease, and the effort which will be required will be quite immense. Much has been done by existing governments, but largely as gifts from above by a government lady-bountiful, thus confirming existing passivity and inducing a client-mentality among the peoples. Material advance will only come significantly when the peoples themselves co-operate to bring it, for no ruling group can, without willing co-operation from the people, change the people's habits.

The basic difference between Africa today and post-caliphate Turkey is that the African peoples are still so far removed from modern civilization that they cannot today make the effort necessary for modernization by themselves, nor will they be able to make it by themselves for a long time. But with help from the world community the task can be completed in two generations.

I should regard the task as being completed, and the present phase ended, when the standard of living and of culture in Africa is comparable with that in Turkey today, and when Africans are enriched by and enrich the world community according to the talents of the individual Africans, and when an African culture cross-fertilizes and is fertilized by other world cultures.

It is possible that the colonial government will fail to supply these two minimum requirements. It is after all very difficult to separate the superiority idea from the metropolitan-colony relationship. If they fail, then the world community in the shape of these governments will be forced to leave Africa, and such is the actual social state of the peoples that unless some mutually agreeable trusteeship scheme is introduced, Africa will be lost to the world for a long period. Such a divorce would be an immense disaster. It would remove from the world market the raw materials, the labor potential, the uranium and the gold and other minerals of Africa. And Africa has greater reserves of gold and uranium than the whole of the rest of the world. It would render militarily vulnerable the great land mass that with South America divides the southern ocean into two. Africa too would suffer, for if the world community withdrew from the continent, large areas would relapse into primeval darkness, much as nineteenth-century Haiti suffered after the withdrawal of the French. There is another possibility —conquest by a new and less sympathetic imperialism.

I am sitting in a hospital in South Africa, writing this for people reading in North America. Some of you will perhaps wonder if there is anything that you can do to help. My answer is that the United States is already doing the greatest thing of all—setting an example in constructive work in race relations. The influence of the United States is such that the disappearance of the color bar there will, by sheer force of example, discredit the color bar everywhere. People, I am sure, are more and more open to example, and less and less open to propaganda and preaching. We in Africa are profoundly grateful to both white and Negro Americans for the way in which they are setting their own house in order. One photograph of a handsome jet-plane pilot who is both a Negro and a senior army officer can do much more than thousands of words of moral exhortation to the other fellow to do away with his color bar. Also, when the time is ripe, we in Africa hope to use some of the techniques evolved by your social workers for the reduction of group frictions. We know, however, that the task is not yet complete in your country, and we know that the sooner that it is complete the sooner will our difficulties be reduced.

BUT APART from this there are things that you can do that will help. There are difficulties ahead of Africa. I am confident that we can ride the storms successfully, and that we can make enough adjustments fast enough to reach reasonable security without being too badly hurt. I am convinced that there are peaceful, non-violent methods of overcoming our main difficulties. But it is possible that I am wrong, and that we shall have violence and war. If that war takes on the complexion of a race war, and if whites because they are white clash with the blacks because they are black, it will be a most dangerous situation for the whole world. It will be particularly dangerous for those peoples that consider themselves white. There are enough things to divide Asia from the West as it is. Such a war will be potentially more dangerous than the Korean War. In such a crisis let the great influence of the United States be thrown into gaining a United Nations resolution for police action, and for converting the affected lands into trust territories, directly administered by the United Nations. It is logical for the world community to be represented in Africa by the world organization. I hope that such a reaction would be immediate, whether the violence breaks out in the extreme north, the extreme south, or anywhere else, and whichever side looks like winning.

Again, through investment programs and Point Four, the United States can do much to strengthen the resistance against the color bar. Much can also be done by offering technical and other scholarships to young Africans, for Africa is not able, as Japan was a hundred years ago, to afford to send its own young people abroad.

Could 100 Negro families not each invite over one promising African boy every year to learn a trade? He would be sure to get a job when he returned. A skilled man can't be kept down anywhere, not even in Africa.

Africa is a key to the security of the West in this century, a rich mine of natural wealth, a fund of artistic vitality, and the nursery of some of the finest human types in the world. But it is in danger of suffering a very great disaster. Africa is still passive and can do little to avert the threatened danger. The United States and Europe have it in their power to save Africa, and by doing so perhaps to save themselves.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

SILONE THE FAITHFUL

by Paolo Milano

An American in Italy, if he is interested in literature, will soon discover that Ignazio Silone is better known and more honored abroad than in his own country. After his first surprise, he may find this fact not too hard to explain—at least superficially. After all, Silone lived in exile for a very long time, and, though he has been back in Rome for the last nine years, his present novel, *A Handful of Blackberries*, is the first book he has published since his homecoming. Besides, haven't Italian literati been more than a little envious of Silone's world-wide fame? And wasn't his political stand, as an anti-Communist socialist, bound to be unpopular in his country?

A HANDFUL OF BLACKBERRIES, by Ignazio Silone, translated by Darina Silone (Harpers; $3.50).

True as this all be, it is far from essential. Silone's position today is a very meaningful but a solitary one, not only at home but in the world, and as much in literature as in politics. The following remarks may serve to explain this situation.

Silone believes in politics. Both in principle and in practice; after the war, he actually sat as a deputy in the Italian Parliament. His is a rare attitude among the writers of today, who, everywhere, are either "estranged" or "engaged." Either they have withdrawn deliberately from public life, watching over their own "metaphysical" privacy, or, in a kind of voluntary rush into self-abasement, they are ready to pursue alien aims. Silone, on the contrary, is neither alienated nor committed. He does not think in the least, as a Marxist would, that politics should rule over literature; no, he is convinced that politics should be so directed as to make literature free, because a certain kind of *political* life is the premise of all art. In our society, the writer's freedom, if it isn't to become an illusion, must be *earned*, even in the hard, most unpleasant way. If nothing more, the writer's concern with and for society should be a reflex of self-defense and a form of his love for the independence of his quest.

Silone is also a socialist—and surely a *socialist* novelist in the 1950s is an almost anachronistic figure. He does, however, take the long view of socialism. He considers socialism the modern form of Christianity, the present expression of man's eternal hunger for justice, which, as Christianity once did, can look forward to centuries in the future. Retreats, heresies, successful distortions and temporal compromises may well have the upper hand for long periods; yet, inevitably, the deep-rooted motive, the living thread will always reappear. Russian Communism, viewed in Silone's historical perspective, may well prove to have been an immense, ill-taken detour.

Finally, strictly as novelist, Silone refuses to be "literary." Not only does he dislike psychological or experimental writing, believing, as he does, in plain communication; but he also feels that a narrator should respect and adopt the ancient modes of the popular mind, for there lie the roots of human discourse.

In a way, and this is not the least of his wonderful peculiarities, Silone has been writing the same book again and again for the last twenty years, much as a painter portrays the same landscape for a lifetime. Silone's four novels, his few stories and his non-fictional work betray a compact and stubborn unity of inspiration. Back in the thirties, *Fontamara*, his first novel, was little less than a revelation. The impact of Fascism on an Abbruzzean village was shown to be, on the surface, the insertion of an extraneous body, though, substantially, a more violent form of an immemorial oppression. The figure of the *cafone* made its appearance in literature. The *cafone* is the destitute peasant, of Italy and of everywhere, whom the Powers constantly exploit and History by-passes constantly. Two-thirds of mankind, the "absent" majority, were distinctly visible in the microcosm of *Fontamara*. But the book was no political tract: irony, a heavy peasant irony, kept the representation on balance and the vital spirits alive.

Silone's next two novels (*Bread and Wine* and *The Seed Beneath the Snow*) offer a variation of the essential conflict. Here, the day-by-day calvary of peasant life sets the background against which not Fascism but professional anti-Fascism is to be measured—the emptiness of its party-lines, of its underground networks below and of its slogans from above. The hope kept alive by the insulted and the injured, against violence on one side and abstraction on the other, rests on an almost Tolstoyan covenant between simple friends. Here politics turns evangelical again, and the seed is ripening in new catacombs.

A Handful of Blackberries takes us back once more to a familiar village in the Abbruzzi—but in 1946, in the troubled times that followed the end of the war. The Great Deceiver, now, is the Communist Party, with its bureaucracy, its emphasis on obedience and its distrust of the peasantry's moral instinct and of its political spontaneity. Since the *cafoni* are right but they are steeped in their folk-ways and dreams, and the Party is wrong but ruthlessly "modern," *A Handful of Blackberries* is a satire rather than a drama. Neither realistic nor symbolic, it is not even a novel in the ordinary sense of the term, it is a long apologue. Its characters are few and exemplary; their size is heightened and their vicissitudes are told in a leisurely, proverbial manner. The subplot, for instance, (the love-story of a Communist functionary who breaks with the Party and of a displaced Jewish girl who stands courageously by him), is literally a romance, and has its moments of sheer melodrama. As the ancient humor of its long-winded talks remind us at every step, here is a folk-tale. It should be read and enjoyed accordingly.

Since Silone first began to write, quite a few things have happened in literature and in history. In Italy, several writers have appeared, (I am thinking less of the "neo-realists" as of such original talents as Carlo Levi and Elio Vittorini),

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who could tread on new ground because Silone had first broken it for them. He was the earliest to step "beyond Eboli."

On the world-stage, the *cafoni* have made themselves felt lately, from Indo-China to Morocco and from Kenya to Venezuela. On the other hand, the East-German riots against the Russian occupants have recently made an old prediction of Silone sound very pointed. Fifteen years ago, he wrote that the day might dawn when the workers themselves would discover that "Marxism is the opiate of the people."

Silone can wait. If his fellow-Italians are slow in granting him plenary recognition, time is on his side. And the American reader would be ill-advised if he took a cavalier view of *A Handful of Blackberries*, dismissing the book, nostalgically perhaps, as a belated echo of those "populist" novels so eagerly acclaimed in the thirties.

Silone is now at work, and a return to Silone may well be in the cards. One thing is certain: such a swing of the pendulum could not possibly be a purely literary affair.

NOVELISTS AND IDEAS

MAXWELL GEISMAR belongs to the critical tradition, from Howells through Parrington and Edmund Wilson, which relates literature to the history of ideas. His scheduled five-volume sequence on the history of the American novel, of which this is the third moving backward in time, is shaping up as a major critical work of our generation. The present volume, covering Norris, Crane, London, Ellen Glasgow, and Dreiser, is the best of the three thus far published. It is proof that Geismar is gaining in insight and perspective without losing the strength of his initial impulsion.

REBELS AND ANCESTORS: *The American Novel, 1890-1915,* by Maxwell Geismar (Houghton Mifflin; $4.50).

All the basic qualities of the whole series are in this book. The prime quality is the capacity to convey the immediacy of the reading experience. Geismar is not a literary historian in the sense that Van Wyck Brooks is. There is no filigree interlacing of biographical episodes, local color, and literary groups that one finds in Brooks. Nor does Geismar repeat Parrington's habit of using the writer primarily to define the current of American intellectual history.

In Geismar's case it is the novelist himself and his books that are indisputably at the center of things. The five novelists in the present panel are given a thorough going-over, book by book, plot by plot, even short story by short story. Sometimes he overdoes this insistence on sticking to the primary stuff. It becomes at times merely a textual analysis of everything—major and minor—that the author wrote. Thus one runs the danger of losing sight of the grand themes, both the author's and the critic's. Yet even when it is overdone it is a healthier method than that of the hit-and-run critic who picks a single motif to indict or praise and lets the rest go. Even when Geismar is stretching things hard, there is a shining integrity in every one of his studies.

Geismar is at his best with the realistic novelists—Dreiser, Jack London, and Norris. Their values are more likely to be his than, let us say, Faulkner's or Fitzgerald's whom he treated in earlier volumes. With them he likes to see the seam of life and society turned inside out, with all its unlovely and ravelled threads. He prefers crude writing which has something to say, over fine writing which doesn't. There is at times a rough-hewn quality about his own style, as if he were impatient about getting at the social and psychological values and the life assumptions which underly the novels he is dissecting.

Within this critical frame he maintains a remarkable level of critical appraisal in study after study, interweaving social analysis of the author's own milieu and that of his characters, along with sharp insights into the psychic sources of characters and themes, and a singling out of the master ideas which obsess each of the writers. I should add that this kind of analysis, which at its best is complex and difficult to sustain, is, in Geismar's hands, never static: in every case he sees the writer as a study in growth and disintegration. He is at his best in portraying with great sensitivity the ordeal of the novelist of plebeian origins who starts by writing about his own social roots—like Jack London or Dreiser—and who has to face his crisis when he must broaden his frame and is exposed to the pressures of success.

What is more surprising is Geismar's effectiveness in the essay on Ellen Glasgow, for here he is dealing with a very different kind of ordeal—that of a writer of upper-class origins in the Southern society toward which he has never been sympathetic, breaking through the barrier that divides her from the central energies of American life. This essay is a triumph of objectivity, and in the process Geismar succeeds in reconstructing the dimensions of a talent and vision which have been usually underestimated. He does a similar job of reconstruction for Norris' *Vandover and the Brute.*

It is in the essay on Stephen Crane that he is at his weakest, getting himself lost in a tiresome maze of Freudian concepts which require a defter hand at such matters than he possesses. There are few critics today who can show the technical mastery of this medium that, for example, Professor Murray of Harvard shows when he writes about *Moby Dick* in Freudian terms, or the delicate skill of Edmund Wilson in staying away from the dizzier psychological whirlpools. The constant reference to the Oedipal relation that Crane bore to his parents becomes tedious unless the critic shows a capacity for subtle discriminations within the Freudian concepts themselves. What makes it more difficult for Geismar is that he deals swiftly with biographical details, so that there is rarely enough of a life-base on which to build a Freudian superstructure.

I fear that this is carping on my part, since Geismar shows in the other essays—notably the one on Dreiser—a mastery of all his critical techniques, including class analysis, psychological insight, intellectual history, and the kind of careful textual commentary which shows how the novelist achieves the effects that he intends. Putting it differently, I know of no other book which has so resolutely sought to isolate the towering figures of the period, and which in the process has dealt with themes as diverse as the "social justice" movements of the turn of the century, the breaking of the crust of the class structure and the up-thrust from below that frightened so many contemporaries, the elan of economic expansion, the opera-buffe of the imperialistic venture, the "social Darwinism" currents of thought, the movement of literary "naturalism."

Obviously this is a big order, but Geismar fills it well. I have quarreled mainly with the use of Freudian concepts. But I want to add one other

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criticism, which is best illustrated by Geismar's treatment of the Darwinian ideas which form a recurring theme in the writers of this period, especially in Crane, Norris, and London.

Geismar has fallen into the habit, each time he approaches this theme, of pointing out its reactionary and racist implications; and it puzzles him that they should go side by side with radical and often revolutionary class thinking. Thus he is always having to sift and winnow the elements of intellectual virtue from those of intellectual viciousness in his authors. He seems to have missed the clue which ties these elements together in an organic whole, whether in Norris and London, or in Populists like Tom Watson or intellectuals like Brooks Adams, who was at once a pioneer in economic interpretation and also an imperialist. What ties together the radicalism of class analysis with the racism of the law of the jungle and the survival of the fittest is the emotional tone of both. In each case the doctrine seemed to promise a transcending of the surface amenities of modern living, and a return to the primal sources of strength beyond the individual himself, which he can reach only as part of his class or his racial group. The point of the proletarian writers was that the isolated man doesn't count but the class does, that the individual willed act doesn't count but the historical surge does. Similarly the point of the Social Darwinists was that nature is indifferent to the individual life, which can assert itself brutally only in the struggle of the species, which alone counts.

It is a measure of Geismar's achievement that one takes the trouble to make these detailed criticisms of a work still in process, which has major strengths and a massive impact. In a fragmentized age it is good to have a work as craggy and sustained as this. MAX LERNER

TRUTH AS BRUTALITY

THE SYMPATHETIC CHARACTERS in Ivy Compton-Burnett's thirteenth novel are paved with good intentions and truth is a word they use frequently and passionately. An eight year old boy tells his middle-aged father insultingly: "You don't know the truth of things and I have always known (it)." "There is no such thing as truth," says his seven year old sister when told of the Bible's essential "truth." The unpleasant hero complains that his first wife always stripped him of "everything but the stark, staring truth." Yet the more the characters insist on the awful truth, the greater their blindness and ignorance.

The situation is modern as a cocktail party: after nine years' absence, Cassius Clare's first wife returns to beg her divorced husband for daily access to his household and her two children. Though Cassius is unwilling, and Flavia, his second wife hesitant, Cassius consents out of curiosity and Flavia out of an intense sense of duty. The two wives are soon close friends, and Cassius, who had expected to enjoy the dramatic complications of two wives, feels ignored by both as if both had divorced him. Being an unsuccessful emotional tyrant, Cassius stages a bogus suicide. Supposing the suicide genuine, the whole family reproaches him mercilessly. Discovering his fraud, they are even more ruthless. Attacked instead of pitied, Cassius says tiredly: "I see it is easier to face death than to face life." Soon after, Cassius suffers a real heart attack, it is deliberately ignored as another pretended suicide, and he dies because a doctor has not been summoned immediately. The survivors recognize at last that their misunderstanding of Cassius' desperation has virtually murdered him. But the very recognition of guilt is quickly woven into habitual emotional patterns; once more, just as before, honesty supports self-righteousness, moral analysis becomes mental cruelty, and truth is a form of brutality.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST, by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Messner; $3.50).

As in all her novels, Miss Compton-Burnett relies almost wholly on dialogue, and the plot serves chiefly as a springboard for loaded appalling conversational duels: one sometimes feels that if machine guns could converse, this is precisely what they would say. Hence her work seems on the surface merely a drawing room opera of deadly insults and merciless exposures and hence it is often falsely called comedy. For within the cold cleverness of the dialogue, there is a heartbreaking sense of human suffering. Walking on moral coals of fire, the characters cannot talk about themselves without being implicated in human universals: courage, compassion, the mystery and meaning of life and death. One character says: "we cannot live without hope"; another character says: "so much in life depends on courage—almost everything."

Miss Compton-Burnett's previous novels were chiefly motivated by a belief in honesty as the only admirable human trait. In this book, honesty at any cost proves to be as monstrous and blind as dishonesty, hypocrisy, and other human failings. Kindness is superior to honesty; "kindness is best," sympathetic characters say, "why cannot we serve each other?" Yet the novelist continues to concentrate upon the pursuit of honesty: characteristically, seeking a new tenderness, she has chosen the harsh themes that magnanimity may cause catastrophe and that bogus suicide does not deserve capital punishment.

Her work as a whole raises a fundamental question of evaluation, but one which ought not to be considered until the genuineness and uniqueness of her fiction has been made clear. Perhaps it ought not to be raised at all, or as yet, since the texture of her writing may so easily put off the intelligent but lazy reader. For she must be read at a high pitch of attention, like much modern poetry. The reader who misses or brushes past a phrase or a sentence is lost. And this is of course contrary to the habitual expectation of hypnotic absorption which is natural to the reader of fiction. Her work does not provide that, except in a very special way, but it does provide a strenuous pleasure, like mountain climbing, and has the same cold, bracing freshness.

Nevertheless Miss Compton-Burnett's fiction is too good and too important not to be compared to what the novel has been and what it is. The comparison is particularly relevant because some English critics praise her as the greatest living English novelist and she is regarded with comparable esteem by many others. Her method is perfect but narrow, excluding many of the traditional riches of the novel and ignoring much of the circus and festival of existence. She is concerned wholly with personal relationships, as if nothing else existed and as if personal relationships existed in isolation from everything else. But perhaps it is no longer possible, in the middle of the twentieth century, to believe seriously that personal relationships can exist in absolute separation from social history. Moreover, it may

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very well be that a certain degree of "realism" and a certain measure of social history is as much a part of the medium of fiction as color is a part of the medium of painting. However remarkable a work may be, it is still a diminution of what the whole experience of the art compels the reader to expect and to want. This is only to say that Mondrian is not Breughel, as Kafka is not Tolstoy. Once the felt distinctions implicit in this truism are recognized, the value of Miss Compton-Burnett's fiction is clear and unquestionable.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

STUDIES OF COMMUNISM

COMMUNISM is a movement of utmost complexity and it is the one most disturbing phenomena of the twentieth century. It brought to a climax two attitudes, which developed parallel with the rise of modern democratic civilization: totalitarian dictatorship, based upon the enforced acclaim of the masses, and total rejection of modern Western civilization as a shame and a pretence. Thereby,

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM, by Franz Borkenau (Harper; $6). FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV, by Hugh Seton-Watson (Praeger; $6). THE ORIGINS OF SOVIET-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, by Robert Paul Browder (Princeton; $5).

Communism, soon followed by Fascism and National-Socialism, caused the greatest crisis in the history of modern civilization. The crisis gained in momentum with the growth of the military and economic basis which Communism found in the Russian empire, by the fact that Communism is at one and the same time an international interpretation of history and civilization and a manifestation of Russian imperial power.

Thus it is understandable that the number of books dealing with the problems of Communism abounds. Three new books approach the problem from different angles, and in many ways complement each other. The one is written by a former prominent member of the German Communist party who has an intimate knowledge of the working of the Communist machine and of the Communist mind, the two others deal with the subject more from the outside.

Franz Borkenau to whom we owe one of the best previous studies on *World Communism*, which he published in 1938, confines himself in his new book to the Communist developments in Europe between 1934 and 1952. These were truly eventful years: the Popular Front, the war in Spain, the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the War and finally all the aspects of the post-war period, the fate of Titoism, the struggle in Greece, the emergence of Peoples' Democracies, and the growth of Communist influence in France and Italy. Until 1932, Germany was the center of Communist European policy; after 1932, it was France.

Borkenau thinks that the late Zhdanov represented the war party, believing in the "inevitable" depression in America and a policy of revolutionary risings of the proletariat under the peace slogan, both moments paralyzing the armies of the West and making Russian victory a walk-over. The supreme moment of the Zhdanovshchina was the coup in Prague in February 1948, at a time when the Russians "frightened all Europe out of its wits with their whisper propaganda about impending war."

The Zhdanovshchina came to an end with the allied success in the Berlin blockade, long before Malenkov, whom Mr. Borkenau describes as "Zhdanov's hostile shadow," took over. Moscow decided that at present the exploitation of the fear of war and the disruption of all efforts to create a united West are the best possible policy. "Russia at present is not remotely strong enough to start World War III." She creates war scares, not in order to start wars but to distract attention from her real long term plans which demand many years of preparation for strengthening Russia and disrupting the growing Western unity. As regards the Communist parties themselves, Mr. Borkenau believes that they are mere façades for the only important Communist organization, the underground groups. "The task is . . . not to drive the Communists out from public life, but to force them to use the ordinary democratic methods, to the exclusion of all other methods; if this aim could be fully achieved, Communism would be finished." It would, to use Sidney Hook's terminology, be then only a heresy and no longer a conspiracy. But this goal is practically unachievable, as long as that heresy is backed by the conspiratorial methods of a world power.

Mr. Hugh Seton-Watson, Professor of Russian History at London, knows the history of this power and of the countries of central-eastern Europe subject to it. He has broadened his previous inquiries into eastern European history to a comparative analysis of Communist movements on a world-wide scale. In his book *From Lenin to Malenkov* — Malenkov himself is not mentioned here—he does not deal so much with personalities and techniques, as Borkenau does, but with the different social and political situations in which Communism conquered power or tried to come to power and with the reasons for the success or lack of success of these attempts. His excellent book, which combines acute analysis with sound research, relates Communist activities to the social forces and the balance of political power in given situations. It is especially meritorious because it directs our attention to the national problem in the Soviet Union and to the underdeveloped countries in Asia and Africa where Communist propaganda finds a favorable soil.

Some of Professor Seton-Watson's conclusions deserve careful attention. He believes that the success of Bolshevism in Russia was made possible by the general war-weariness in the country in 1917 and in the allied nations in 1919. The anti-Bolshevik leaders in Russia were devoted to the idea of the "one indivisible Russia" and thus drove Russia's subject nationalities into Communist arms. It would be wrong to regard successful Communist parties as repre-

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senting the proletariat. They are "power machines, political elites that draw their members from all social classes, but themselves stand outside them." His thoughtful survey of Communist reality leads to Professor Seton-Watson to warn against any exaggerated fears or expectations. "To push back, even by a few inches, the boundaries of ignorance and illusion is more useful than to pontificate about miraculous shortcuts to salvation that do not exist," he says. "Utopian optimism and defeatism are, to use the Stalinist phrase, equally harmful deviations."

Mr. Browder, a young American historian has set himself a much narrower task, an analysis of Soviet-American relations from 1917 to 1935, especially of the period, when after sixteen years of non-recognition, Litvinov arrived in Washington in 1933, greeted by high hopes and extreme good will. Many people remember it, but few know how in the heydays of Roosevelt's New Deal, bitter disillusionment and discord followed the diplomatic recognition. The United States quickly lost all confidence in Russian integrity and Moscow was unprepared to remedy the situation by honoring its obligations. Not in 1945, after Roosevelt's death, but in 1935 all American efforts "for mutual understanding proved futile." The ideological gulf could not be bridged then—nor afterwards — through collaboration in other fields of common interest. Mr. Browder's careful and objective study has much to teach those who even today harbor illusions about the nature of Communism. HANS KOHN

FOLKLORE ON 47th ST.

by Eric Bentley

IN THE PAST WEEK I have seen two plays about shy boy virgins finding their manhood in the arms of alluring widows. I need not mention the other soulful and problem-full adolescents of recent stage history, or the heartwarming spinsters and benign bachelors; for it is well-enough known by now that the bonnets of the grandmas and the blue-jeans of the bobby-soxers are but tokens of our playwrights' incapacity to deal with the love of men and women.

While it was shocking to have Freud find offense in fairy tales, we should scarcely have needed his genius to spot neurotic fantasy in the folklore of the asphalt jungle around Times Square. Not that the American theatre is more escapist than others. The traditional function of entertainment everywhere has been to feed the appetite for wish-fulfilling fantasy—exactly as the restaurant in the lucky European theatre addresses itself to the stomach. Dreams, drives, and yearnings dance before the theatre audience's eyes in disguises which may be pleasant or unpleasant in themselves but which at all events console and compensate. The image of an idealized mother caters to our lack of self-reliance. The image of a stage villain provides us with a scapegoat. The image of tenderness appeases our sense of isolation, the image of innocence our sense of guilt.

The great pioneers of modern drama presented these images only to smash them in the name of reality. Other masters of the drama have begun by accepting the images and ended by transmuting them into something else. It would be folly to expect anything of the sort from the theatre as such. Great plays are miracles conferred with becoming infrequency, services rendered above and beyond the call of duty. The everyday theatre is nothing more than a day-dream factory. Tenderness, innocence, and the rest *have* to be mere commodities or they couldn't be produced quickly enough. While the artist transforms neurotic fantasies into a higher reality, the journeyman playwright is doomed simply, like the neurotic himself, to live with them. He does nothing with them except hand them over to the public. The public is excited by the contact. And the degree of excitement is the criterion of the dramatic critics.

Theatre is an escape, and "realist" theatre is no longer an exception to the rule; it differs from non-realistic theatre only in pretending to be so. For the escape here is into pretended realities like ideologies and psychological notions and scientific fetishes. Or reality, being relative, turns unreal when placed before the Broadway public: *Tobacco Road* was not reality, it was a very titillating bit of slumming, and one didn't know why those silly people didn't eat cake. In the thirties "realist" escape signalized the flight of the intellectual middle class into the fun-world of proletarian legend. Today it signalizes the flight of that same public into a variety of notions, chiefly psychological. In the thirties you felt the reassuring presence of the "real" at the mention of a worker. Today you feel it at the mention of a homosexual.

Tea and Sympathy by Robert Anderson is about a private school boy who is to lose the feeling that he is a homosexual by proving his potency with the housemaster's wife. The subject-matter suggests a whole roster of other plays but most of all *Tea and Sympathy* strikes one as the 1953 version of *Young Woodley*, not so much for its plot, or even its setting, as for its relation to the public's view of what is scandalous. The formula for such a work is Daring as Calculated Caution or Audacity, Audacity, But Not Too Much Audacity. Such a play must be "bannable" on grounds of what used to be considered immoral but also defensible on grounds of what is now considered moral. Sweet are the uses of perversity.

Tea and Sympathy is a highly superior specimen of the theatre of "realist" escape. Superior in craftsmanship, superior in its isolation, combination, and manipulation of the relevant impulses and motifs. Its organization of the folklore of current fashion is so skillful, it brings us to the frontier where this sort of theatre ends. But not beyond it. So that one does not ask the questions one would ask of a wholly serious play. Here, in the cuckoo land of Broadway folklore, one doesn't ask how the heroine knows the hero is innocent, one doesn't permit oneself the thought that he may not be innocent; for he has an innocence of a kind the real world never supplies: an innocence complete and certified. One doesn't ask how her husband could be so unloving and yet have got her to love him: one accepts her neat, fairy-tale explanation that, one night in Italy, he needed her. One doesn't ask just how the heroine's motives are mixed—to what extent her favors are kindness, to what extent self-indulgence—for, in this realm, the author enjoys the privilege of dreamer, neurotic, and politician to appeal to whatever motive is most attractive at the moment.

Instead, one drinks the tea of sentiment and eats the opium of sympathy, realizing more and more, as the evening at the Ethel Barrymore races on, that these memoirs of an opium eater are not so much a play by Mr. Anderson as the latest essay of Elia, the latest phantasmagoria of Mr. Kazan, the incarnate

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spirit of the age; one would call him a human seismograph if there were a seismograph which would not only record tremors but transmit them. At every moment in the evening, one can say: this *has* to be a hit, or men are not feckless dreamers, the theatre is not a fantasy factory, and this is not the age of anxiety.

Technically, the production is perfection and therefore breathtaking. The stage at all times presents a dramatic picture. Progression from moment to moment is precisely gauged; every instant has its special value. Simultaneous action in three playing areas is beautifully counterpointed. The casting is inspired, for Mr. Kazan goes by what the actors will do under his tutelage, not by what they did when misled by others. What Deborah Kerr has done in films I have already forgotten; what she does in this play I know I shall not forget; if the role scarcely invites greatness, it certainly lets Miss Kerr display a supple naturalness and delicate ardor we did not know were hers. John Kerr, who last year in *Bernardine* was merely brilliant, has been guided into a timing and a subtlety of stance and movement worthy of a veteran. And each minor role is what a minor role should be and rarely is: a type, but alive and concrete enough to come at you with the shock of recognition. Perhaps the greatest single pleasure of this evening of many pleasures was to enjoy the observation of American life in such minor roles as our hero's room-mate in prep school and our hero's father (as confronted with the charge that our hero is a "queer.") Here both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Kazan trespassed in the territory of the really real.

Day-dreams are of course full of real objects; yet the effect of the realities in *Tea and Sympathy* is strange. At times it takes the show out of the commodity theatre altogether—and into the theatre of the masters. At other times, Mr. Kazan seems to say, No, day-dream it is, and day-dream it shall remain; and he stylizes the action and has Miss Kerr stand like impatience on a monument with one hand between her breasts and the other outstretched, waiting for our hero to embrace her. The total impression is of double exposure: two scenes, two realms, blurred, not blended. The confusion is the greater in that, presumably, no one on 47th Street admitted the material was folklore in the first place, and attempts are made to tell us it is not so, but that this is a demonstration of real evils and their real cure, heterosexuals shouldn't be accused of homosexuality, no one should be falsely accused of anything, manliness is not just bullying but also tenderness, we are all very lonely, especially at the age of seventeen, and so on.

Anyway, it is a play for everyone in the family. The script is far better than most; folklore and day-dream are not less interesting than drama; and the work of Elia Kazan means more to the American theatre than that of any current writer whatsoever.

Notes on the Critics

PAOLO MILANO, critic of American and Italian literature, is on the faculty of Queens College, MAX LERNER is professor of American civilization at Brandeis University. HANS KOHN's latest book is *Pan-Slavism*. DELMORE SCHWARTZ is an editor of *The Partisan Review*.

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From Our Readers

► Joe Hill Speaks

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night. . . .

"Liberals of the world Unite!" he intoned, "you have nothing else left to lose but your brains."

Thinking that Mr. Hill was just indulging in the vestiges of a former proletarian bias toward liberals I politely refrained from asking—"why."

But—Joe defined my thoughts.

"They have lost everything else . . . initiative, honesty, principles, a program and the art of reasoning. They are afraid, they are out-smarted, out-maneuvered, even out of office."

"Hold on, Mr. Hill. "Aren't you confusing liberals with Democrats?"

"I admit the confusion," Mr. Hill replied, "but plead innocent to the charge. I am not the one who does the confusing, it's you liberals. "After all," he continued, "in the good old days, in the days of Governor Altgeld, in the later days of the LaFollettes, the Norrises, Clarence Darrow and the Adams, it was the man and the principles that counted; that meant more than electing some smiling, lovable character to office."

"Liberals were mavericks and iconoclasts, liberals spoke out forcefully and did not care if they were popular with party bosses. No man dared call himself a liberal and a regular party politician at the same time. No true liberal would dare to condone corruption, or kowtow to cynical leaders for the sake of regularity. Liberals joined the muck-raiders, the crusaders.

Mr. Hill was getting angry. I tried to pacify him.

"But our liberals think they will capture the Democratic Party and make it a People's Party," I said.

"Capture!—my foot. They are captured—talking about what is good for the Democratic Party is good for liberals—and vice-versa. They just use the word 'liberal', 'people', and 'democracy' as a slogan for party-fund-raising dinners. Capture the Democratic Party! Liberal Steve Mitchell quietly woos the Dixiecrats on one hand and repels a Halley on the other. Even Harry Truman still can't tell a real thing from a machine-made product. His kind of liberal is one who 'walks like a Democrat,' 'talks like a Democrat,' and takes orders like a Democrat."

"But—that does not surprise me—from one who would appoint William O'Dwyer as an Ambassador to a defenseless nation that never did us any harm and besides, cannot fight back!"

"I admit Mr. Truman prefers regular Democrats, but why condemn liberals for that," I muttered.

"Because they go along and swallow his line. Even Adlai Stevenson who ought to know better wanly smiles and quips in tripping over an endorsement of a Tammany candidate and all you so-called liberals twist your spines in order to get into line."

"Not all," I ruefully replied, "but most."

"It's that way right down the line. This Harriman liberal (I remember his father or was it his grandfather) meekly takes his orders from Boss DeSapio as to where he shall speak, what to say and whom to endorse."

I tried to think of some nice things about liberals—after all, some of my best friends. . . . I wanted to counter-attack Mr. Hill's vehement outbursts. "Liberals are fighting McCarthy, you know."

"Sure," he admitted, "but not all of them. Certainly, not those up for re-election in 1954. Those boys have become unduly quiet on all issues."

I thought of all the good liberals who lent their names and prestige to AVC, ADA, the *New Republic* and many worthy organizations. I wanted to speak about this and then thought of how I remembered some of them coming from dinner and drinks with some charming acquaintances of Frank Costello in order to plead for the loan of the ADA Laurel to be placed on the brow of some Tammany sponsored candidate.

Joe Hill was still muttering, this time half to himself.

"And of all the liberal fools the biggest ones come from New York City. Falling for that line about the liberal wing of the Democratic Party fighting the reactionary. They used that in 1925 with Walker against Hylan and you get the "liberal" Jimmy Walker. They used it again in 1945—so you got the "liberal" Bill O'Dwyer and they still use it today; and will preach about the need for a Tammany victory in 1953 in order to ensure an Eisenhower defeat in 1956—forgetting that Tammany defeats used to lead to Roosevelt victories—while the Tammany victories in New York led to the Stevenson defeat in 1952. They will talk about liberalism as if it were a quality that belongs only to an enrolled Democrat, or at least a County Committeeman; forgetting Bob LaFollette and Fiorello LaGuardia, Senator Norris and even Frank Roosevelt who supported LaGuardia; and young FDR Jr., in 1949 when he ran against a *regular liberal* Democrat for Congress; and Estes Kefauver who had the guts to come out and seek Presidential electors against the decision of the regulars in the party. And Sen. Wayne Morse who bolted the Republicans and then was spurned by the "liberals" of the regular Democratic Party. And, of course, Rudolph Halley whose great crime is exposing corruption in both parties."

Squirming uncomfortably, I asked "but what do we do?"

"Get back to issues. . . . Fight against discrimination—care about establishing an intelligent, international policy for this country that the world will understand and respect. Support organizations like AVC, NAACP, and fearless periodicals like the *New Republic.* Don't be a politician among liberals — but a liberal against politicians!"

Joe Hill turned a pointing finger at me. "Unless you liberals get some guts and

(Continued on page 23)

Bandwagon

MARRIAGE BUREAUS OFFER AN INVESTMENT IN YOUTH

"Many wealthy people donate money for milk funds for tenement kids, thousands of whom are feebleminded by actual test and easy marks for Communist agitation.

So why not help produce 10,000 additional happy marriages each year in your own state, and among intelligent stock who will procreate two or three youngsters per marriage?" – *Dr. George W. Crane in the Newark Star-Ledger, September 24, 1593.*

An expressed desire to help "the starving people of India" clinched the title of Miss America of 1954 tonight for Miss Evelyn Margaret Ay, a tall, green-eyed ash blonde from Ephrata, Pa. She is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 132 pounds.

Miss America won a $5,000 scholarship, an automobile and a wardrobe. – *The New York Times, September 13, 1953.*

Well-located to be free of subversive influences and radical atmosphere, the University provides a clean slate for working out life's problems. It is surrounded by a wholesome agricultural community with a sound religious heritage. – *The University of Idaho Bulletin, May, 1953.*

Warren, who took the oath of his new office yesterday, said he feels he is "a conservative liberal—one who will confine his liberalism to practical conservative thinking." – *The Washington Post, October 7, 1953.*

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To Our Readers

There is no editorial this week; Dean Acheson brings deeper perception than ours to bear on the spirit that can hold together the free nations.

How is this spirit to be expressed today? Within five years Western Europe may be rimmed with launching platforms for Soviet guided missiles armed with atomic warheads.

Supposing, then, that the Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy confides to a British official, "If you continue as an American base we must—regrettably—destroy you in the coming atomic war. . . . But if you deny the Americans your bases, why then we will spare you!"

The Russians have not made this offer—this is not yet the time. But fear of this is surely what the Labour Party spokesmen are really expressing when they voice otherwise meaningless phrases about the economic perils of an alliance with capitalist America. The wonder is not that this much is said but that more is not said in nations under the Soviet shadow.

Does NATO make sense under these conditions? Can we, morally and militarily, afford to regard Europe as an advance base, or battleground, for a future atomic war? Is the presence of American troops not a makeshift assurance of unity that might better be replaced in the long run by political guarantees?

I went from Department to Department in Washington last week, asking these questions. I found no fresh answers; just weary men.

Roosevelt and Acheson would be out ahead, searching into the future, trying to define and resolve each issue before it breaks over us. There is no such mental vigor at the highest levels of government today.

The immense resources of government are neutralized. Secrecy on every major issue bars the road to outsiders who seek a way past war. But for the Fraternity of the Anxious there is no choice.

* * *

Patrick Duncan who writes in this issue was a government official in Basutoland. He gave up his government career to protest against South Africa's racial laws. When Malan barred access without permits to the colored districts of Johannesburg, Duncan and Manilal Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, defied the laws and went to jail. If our problems seem grave, we might think of those that confront Africa; if much seems demanded of us, we might reflect on what Duncan has given.

M. S.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 22)

independence soon, you are going to see a Republican in the White House for a long time."

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night. . . .

I couldn't go back to sleep.

New York, N. Y. MICKEY LEVINE

► Do We Have Poor Teachers?

I am writing this from the hotel on Mount Wilson. I drove up from Pasadena (out of the smog) this morning to get a breath of fresh air.

Two weeks ago yesterday morning after a restful vacation I returned to the classroom as a teacher of English and Social Studies in a Los Angeles junior high school. While cleaning out my desk and cupboards last week (they were left in an unsavory condition by the teacher who had my room last year), I was seized with a fit of sneezing, which was followed almost immediately by acute sinusitis, a little later by a severe cold.

My illness brought me down all too easily, considering that it was only the second week of the new school term. But there was a reason. For my training and experience, I was given a nearly impossible program.

To begin with, I was given a "special training" group for two periods. They come from A8, B9 and A9 upper-division home rooms; the two from A9 home rooms expect to graduate at the end of this semester. (Yes, graduate is the word!) Half of the group is unable to read third-grade material; the other half, haltingly. Most of these children appear to have no understanding of what is expected of junior high school pupils in the way of classroom behavior.

What have they done, and what has been done to them, during the past eight years or more that they have been in school? Psychologically, they may be likened to a pack of wild animals, and one does not train wild animals with a third-grade reader in one hand and a feather duster (figure of speech) in the other. Yet, apparently, this is what I am expected to do.

I shall not complain about my second group (B8 English and Social Studies), which I have for two periods. They are a retarded group, sadly in need of remedial reading, but they have a foundation (though frail) on which to build and I believe that, working together, we can make progress. (I am not a remedial reading teacher either.)

To top off a strenuous day (I shall barely mention that I have a home-room group as well), I have a group of 35 students for A9 English during the last period of the day. Achievement of this group is well below average and the behavior of too many (for comfort, let alone for learning) is unbelievably bad; *i.e.*, for those who are not familiar with discipline (or lack of it) in many present day schools. Sixteen of 31 students present dropped below 60 percent correct on a trial spelling test which I gave them last week—and I used a seventh-grade spelling list! All of these students are in line to graduate at the end of this semester.

Now for a brief comment on your editorial of September 14, "Why We Have Poor Teachers." I am willing to concede that on her two main points Peggy is right, but I would like to add one important qualification for each. In some areas where salaries are reasonably acceptable, critical teacher shortages still exist. Make teaching tolerable (better, make it pleasing and satisfying) and shortages will soon be eliminated.

As to the "native ability" of teachers now employed, we can do much better than we are now doing. What many of us are now pleading is: "Give us a chance to teach!"

The solution? Get the most outstanding of our leaders in the country today (take them from business and industry, as well as from education and the other professions) and make them our leaders in a great crusade for education Give the profession prestige—plus a little glamour—and our best young brains will gladly follow these new leaders into "the noblest of all professions."

In these new leaders, if we are to succeed, there must be a welding of two extremes: A sound philosophy of education on the one hand, efficient organization and administration (including supervision) on the other. While they will still need to know how to meet a payroll, they must not be "economy minded." If nearly 30 years of experience in education has taught me anything, I believe that available leaders (for a fair price) can spend twice the amount we are now spending and get four times as much for it.

A bargain is a bargain . . . is a bargain . . . is a bargain! Does it take a tired, sick mind (I'm psychosomatic, you see!) to call these simple observations to our attention? *What a pity!*

Pasadena 3, Calif. ERNEST C. STEELE

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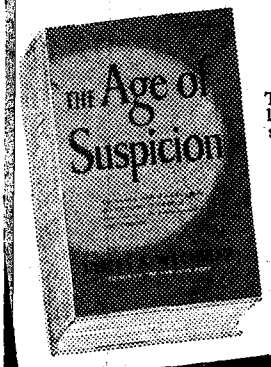

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